The Messenger, Vol. 16, No. 5

Richmond College Messenger.

VOL. V. RICHMOND, VA., FEBRUARY, 1880. NO. 5.

EDITORS:—*Mu Sigma Rho*—J. T. DICKINSON, S. A. FISHBURNE; *Philologian*—L. J. HUFF, W. S. HOLLAND.

BOARD OF PUBLICATION:—*Mu Sigma Rho*—B. A. PENDLETON, J. B. SEWARD, H .A. LATANE; *Philologian*—J. L. LAKE, JNO. FIZER, T. J. KILBY.

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for winds, nor tide, nor sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays;
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

Yon floweret, nodding in the wind,
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

ATHENIAN EDUCATION.

An Address before the Educational Association of Virginia, July 9th, 1879, by Professor H. H. Harris.

[Reprinted from advanced sheets of Educational Journal.]

Having thus far seen some reasons for regarding the subject as worthy of our attention, and having made a rough division into three periods, viz: childhood (from birth to 8 or 10), when the boy was entrusted to his illiterate mother; boyhood (from 8 or 10 to 16 or 18), when he attended school and gymnasium; and youth (from 18 to about 25), when he might take what corresponds to our University course; let us now examine more closely the pursuits of the second of these periods—

THE SCHOOL PROPER.

This will be presented by considering in order the employment and pay of teachers, the school-room, the session, the course of instruction, and the office of pædagogue.

1. The great boast of Athenian orators was the untrammelled personal freedom of the citizen. In Sparta and other Dorian cities the education of youth was controlled entirely by laws and directed minutely by public officers. Solon in like manner embodied in his code a few school laws, some of which will be hereafter mentioned, others prescribing a certain age and certain moral qualifications for teachers, and possibly one directing every parent to have his children taught to swim and read. Inspectors were regularly appointed, but they seem to have had few duties and to have discharged still fewer. Each tribe probably made arrangements for instruction in music and gymnastics, especially as connected with the tribal worship. But, on the whole, education at Athens was exceptionally free from control by any organization, either political or religious. All was left to regulate itself according to the choice or the necessities of parents. To their honor be it said, that very few children, even of the poorer classes, were neglected. We read that an Ionian city punished its revolted allies by forbidding "their children to learn letters or to be taught music, esteeming this to be the heaviest of all chastisements." Not even when the Athenian women and children fled, as refugees, before the army of Xerxes, was education neglected, for Plutarch tells us that the inhabitants of Trœzene voted "to let the boys take fruit from anywhere they pleased, and to pay the hire of teachers for them." If the hospitable town-folk adopted the former clause, the suburban farmers would have good reason to insist upon the latter.

2. The pay of teachers was not large, nor was their social standing high. The sophists charged heavy fees, from $100 to $500 for the two or three years course, and that when the purchasing power of money was many times greater than it is now. The ordinary teacher, however, had a very small monthly fee for each pupil, and that not always promptly paid. Many seem to have taken up the profession of teaching, not from any fitness for it, but from unfitness for anything else. Lucian's witticism would have been quite as pointed five hundred years before as in his own day, when he says, in Dialogues of the Dead: "Much more, I ween, you would have laughed, if you had seen some who were kings and satraps up here, in abject poverty down there, and compelled by want to sell salt fish or teach the rudiments." In one respect the poor teacher was sufficiently independent. We read of a law forbidding, under the penalty of death, that any adult except the master's own brother or son-in-law should enter a school-room during study hours; though probably this, like other school-laws, was not rigidly enforced.

While I can heartily condole with my fellow-teachers, that the world has not yet learned to assign us our rightful rank nor to award us adequate remuneration, let me add that poor pay is not an unmixed evil. Fat benefices attract unworthy men. Then, again, the racer must not be burdened with superfluous flesh. Many years ago a good and wise man offered me a position as teacher. "The salary," he wrote, "will be small, but the amount of work will be large enough to make up any deficiency." What then seemed a grim joke has proven in some subsequent experience sound philosophy. Nor is there after all much lack of equality as between our profession and others which are more lucrative. Do we not reap the richest rewards in seeing the triumphs of our pupils? It is fitting that this high and pure enjoyment should not be marred by sordid recollections.

3. The school-room was usually an apartment in the private house. It was furnished with more or less of comfort and convenience, according to the popularity of the school and the rate of charges—generally with an elevated seat for the master and rude benches for the boys, sometimes with desks and blackboards. Athens to-day has a well equipped university and very good public schools, but in the rural districts much of the olden simplicity is still found. It was my privilege, a little more than a year ago, to enjoy the hospitality of a village schoolmaster at the northern foot of Helicon, over against Parnassus, in the very cradle of Greek literature. This teacher was appointed by the State, and paid at the rates of a drachma a month for each scholar. His school numbered twenty, and yielded therefore *four dollars* a month. You will readily understand that, having to support himself,

with wife and child, he could not spend much on furniture. His house was a two-storied stone building of 36 x 18 feet. The ground floor was stable and sheep-fold. An outside stairway led to the upper floor, which we found divided into two rooms. The living room contained two chairs, a table, a pallet bed, and a small stock of cooking utensils. The school-room contained absolutely nothing, except a large pile of brushwood—it had been gathered for fuel, though of course it would supply, upon occasion, another equally needful external stimulus. The windows had no glass, the walls and ceiling no plaster. All had to sit, tailor-fashion, on the floor, holding books between their knees and swaying back and forth as they conned their tasks aloud, or recited them in monotonous sing-song, teacher and pupils all repeating in concert, as in one of our country singing schools. In riding through Greece, we passed many others of this kind, and at any hour of the day could readily find the school-house of a village by the loud murmur of study which floated out through open door and windows. The Greek word for "reading" means "knowing aloud," and it seems quite probable that the ancients could not, as we do, gather the meaning without any movement of the vocal organs. They relied less on the restless eye, much more on "the instructive tongue and the attentive ear."

4. The session had no special beginning nor end—no examinations, no roll of honor, no commencement. There was, of course, in heathendom no Sunday, no Saturday, but very numerous feasts and holidays. Nor was there any summer vacations. The ancients were early risers, and the schools opened as soon as it was light enough to read. Thucydides tells how a band of Thracians approaching a Bœotian town by night, attacked at daybreak; he mentioned them falling upon a school-house where the boys had just assembled; they slaughtered them all. At Athens, however, a law attributed to Solon forbade the opening of schools before sunrise or continuing them after sunset. Of course the boys went home to breakfast about 11 or 12 o'clock, and it is probable that those who attended school in the morning went to the gymnasium in the afternoon, and *vice versa.* A teacher, fully employed, with two sets or classes of pupils, would spend ten or twelve hours every day at his work. But then, he had nothing more to do, no monthly reports to make out, no exercises to correct.

5. The course of instruction included *γράμματα* = letters, *μουσική* = music, and *γυμναστική* = gymnastic, with sometimes *γραφική* = drawing. Of the last named we need not speak since it was rare. Gymnastics was rather concomitant than a part of the school course. Something like half the time of a boy, and a still larger proportion in the latter years of boyhood, say from 16 to 18, was devoted to vocal

and muscular training. The wealthy had arrangements for exercise at home, but all frequented one or other of several large public establishments. Unlike the Spartans and the Romans, the Athenians did not practice military exercises so much as those which minister to graceful movement and personal beauty. The gymnasia, it must be confessed, as gathering places for the idle, were fruitful of evil, and especially fostered that nameless vice, the blackest which stains the annals of ancient heathen society.

Letters comprehended the three R's. Reading was learned in the good old way,—first the letters in alphabetical order, then syllables, *B-a ba, B-e be,* &c., then words, then sentences. For writing, the teacher set copies on a slate or tablet—not much proficiency was expected except in professional secretaries. Without cheap paper there could not be much practice in penmanship. For arithmetic, they had no decimal system of notation, and therefore little or nothing of what we call written work. All minor problems were solved mentally; for longer operations they had a system of counters and their complicated Abacus. Their elementary arithmetic was therefore more rational, but their higher arithmetic much more mechanical, than ours. The former only conributed to mental discipline.

Music comprised all those branches over which the nine daughters of Heaven and Memory were supposed to preside, that is to say, history, instrumental music, dancing, vocalization in song or speech, epic, tragic, comic and lyric poetry, and astronomy. Of these, the regular school course included music on flute, lyre or guitar, vocal training, dancing, or, as we should call it, callisthenic exercises, and above all literature. As soon as the boy could read fairly, he was set to memorizing selections from poets and orators, especially such as would chasten his taste, stir his national pride, elevate his moral character and ennoble his ambition. Very many of the young men were called upon to participate in rendering the tragic choruses and the odes connected with their religious observances. Not a few learned to repeat whole books of Homer's Iliad, together with a hundred or so of minor poems and perhaps a score of speeches. Plutarch's story that the Athenian captives, taken in Sicily, gained favor with their masters by reciting the choral odes of Euripides, and even came back to thank the poet for their liberation from bondage, if not true, has at least a strong verisimilitude. Certain it is that their classics were their main schoolbooks, and that the course could be thoroughly mastered and largely memorized, because it was so strictly limited. Many branches of study which the Greeks cultivated, Astronomy, Geography, Geometry and Natural History, were put with Logic, Grammar, Rhetoric and Metaphysics, as parts of a University course.

6. Most peculiar and most potent in the Athenian school system was the office of pedagogue. This functionary was commonly an intelligent and educated slave. His duty was to escort his charge to and from the school and the gymnasium, to carry his books writing material and musical instrument, and to assist him in the preparation of his lessons. He thus combined the duties of body-servant, private tutor and constant monitor. The Apostle, writing to the Galatians, uses the well-known office to illustrate one bearing of the Law, which he says "was our pedagogue unto Christ;" reversing the terms we may take the well-known relation of the Law to the Gospel, to illustrate the work of the pedagogue.

The vast importance of this extra scholastic help is familiar to every teacher. We know what a difference it makes when the young pupil has good home influences, judicious help when needed, kindly encouragement in difficulty, loving restraint at all times by mother or father, by an elder brother or a good companion. To have a separate pedagogue for each one of the millions of American children who are at school is not possible, nor would it in our day be desirable. But I insist that the teacher cannot do much more than his own proper school-room work. To secure the best results he needs now, as of old, much outside help.

[To be concluded in next No.]

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT THE CITY GIRLS.

The writer would, in the very outset, disclaim any intention of misrepresenting the young ladies of Richmond. He merely wishes to jot down here a few thoughts on the most salient points of the fair sex of the city, as they have appeared to him.

Now, having spent most of my life in the country, my impression had always been that the city girls were infinitely superior to the country lassies in beauty, intellect, and all else that makes woman worthy of love and reverence. But I have now found out under how great a mistake I have been laboring. In conversational ability the average city girl is sadly deficient. I have met but few who could sustain a conversation on any other subject except the weather, the last party, Miss A.'s dress, Mr. B.'s sweetheart, or like congenial topics. Very probably it has been my own obtuseness, but really the weather has been the staple theme of conversation during many of my calls. We would talk of weather past, weather present, weather to come, weather in this country, weather in Europe, weather everywhere, until at last

being unable to weather such a continued dissertation on one subject, I would bow myself out. Now, I doubt not that this really showed the ingenuity of Miss A., because every time I would try to turn the conversation into some other channel of thought, she, with marvellous skill, would, by the association of ideas, return to the same subject. Another favorite topic of conversation among the young ladies of the city, is the discussion of how Mr. Blank likes Miss X. If Blank goes to see Miss X. once, they say he is in love with her; if he takes her to church, they are engaged; and if he should happen to go out driving with her, why they are soon to enter a blissful state of matrimony. The gossipping faculty is very well developed among most of the fair sex of the town. Of course they discuss and dilate on the faults and frailties of others, in order that their hearers may take warning and not do likewise. They drag the dress, manners, affairs, and character of their associates out for inspection, because they are admirers of Pope, and believe that "the proper study of mankind is man." They say little and care less for anything of a serious nature. Speak to them of Shelley, that most emotional and rythmical of English poets, and they ask you was he a historian or a statesman. Mention the "Raven," and dwell lovingly on that bright genius, its author, who has hallowed our city by having lived here for awhile, and they inquire whether you attended the last Pinafore. Talk to them of music, of art, and of literature, and they vote you a detestable bore. Many of them have very peculiar ideas of excellence, beauty, and greatness. They would think several thousand volumes of Patent Office reports a good library. Anything that looks big and makes a show is, with them, worthy of all admiration. They consider a man great and deserving of praise in proportion to the noise he makes, and care not whether he possesses real intellect and genius or not. They reckon a young lady's loveliness by the number of pounds she weighs and the brilliancy of her attire, and take no account of the tender, melting eye, the blushing cheek, and the arched eye-brow. They measure the worth of a painting by the gaudiness of the colors, and take no cognizance of those softer tints which gradually steal upon one and constitute true beauty in art.

But probably the most prominent characteristic of a certain class of the city girls, is their sarcasm—real and attempted. Some of them are really quite skillful in the use of this most dangerous weapon, and they make one feel all the time afraid lest his turn will come next. The use of irony and sarcasm is almost always of doubtful propriety. They are seldom used without hurting somebody's feelings. While they may excite laughter, may look brilliant and smart, still the object of their attack is often writhing under their lashes and vowing eternal hatred. A sarcastic man may be admired, his sallies of wit may be

wondered at, but he is never liked and never regarded with love and affection. Much more is this true with young ladies. Their tongues are sometimes as stinging and venomous as poisoned daggers, and the wounds inflicted often rankle in the breasts of their victims, but the spirit of true manliness and gallantry, of course, restrains them from replying. A young lady who habitually attempts to be sarcastic, will soon have her character warped and distorted, will be shunned and avoided by all, and will never have those in whom she may confide and trust.

"Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed,
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?"

While speaking of the fair sex, I can but say a few words about the girls of the county from which I hail. They possess in an eminent degree that quality without which woman is bereft of her highest glory—modesty. They are truthful, not given to gossiping or backbiting. There is nothing artificial or make-up about them. They are what they are, and nothing else. They have, generally, higher aims in life than to become the leaders of fashion and the images on which are placed showy dresses and fantastic jewelry. In my "mind's eye" now I see a true type of this class, whom I knew well a summer or so ago. She was every inch a country girl. My poor pen could never do justice to her. With cheeks like summer's loveliest roses, with eyes sparkling with mischief and brightness, in form as graceful as the wild gazelle, and possessing an intellect as clear as was her appearance bewitching, she might well have passed as the original of Wordsworth's charming picture of a model woman—

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair,
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn,
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, and image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay."

She possessed one quality rarely found among girls; that is, she was far more beautiful in a calico dress than when bedecked in silks and fine apparel. I shall never forget a horseback ride taken with her one morning in the bright summer time. The woods never looked so green, the dewdrops never sparkled so brightly, and the breezes were never more caressing than that morning as we dashed swiftly along an old Virginia turnpike. Ah! the bliss, the rapture of a horseback ride in the early morn and with such a companion! As we galloped along with reins crossed our hearts seemed to keep time with our horses' hoofs. The feathered songsters of the forest seemed burst-

ing their throats with the burden of their melody; the streamlets, as we rode through them, seemed to sing of love, and the leaves murmured to each other as we passed, "Oh, love! Love!" Like a sweet vision of the night does the recollection of that morning ride sometimes come over me, and though my companion in it is now seldom seen, still the remembrance of it is full of melancholy pleasure. I hear she is soon to be married, and, I suppose, in a few years will be garrulous, fussy, and the happy possessor of an interesting family. But I am digressing. While many of the city girls are marred by some of the not very pleasant traits mentioned, still there are, of course, some whose minds are not made up of such ignoble stuff. In concluding these rambling, desultory remarks, we would remind them of the influence they exert over young men, and the power for good they might wield. Many a young man thrown out in a great city, without dear ones to comfort and cheer him, has been led onward to high and noble things by the inspiring words of some pure, young woman, or has been blighted and ruined for life by the careless, godless, advice of some devotee of fashion and worldly pleasures.

That women can still set examples of noble daring and heroism was well shown during the late yellow-fever scourge at New Orleans. When King Death, instead of Mardi Gras, held high carnival in that ill-fated city; when men, women, and children were dying hourly, and when black despair seemed to have settled over the place, tender, delicate women stayed there and, like angels of peace, soothed the dying and gave sweet solace to the sick. Strong, healthy men fled affrighted and terror-stricken from the malaria, and all that could left the stricken regions, and yet these finely-strung, timid women, risking their lives and sacrificing their all, remained in New Orleans and set a glorious example of womanly courage and heroic self-denial. Now, while the city girls may not be able to immortalize themselves by such deeds as this, they still have a wide field of usefulness if they will but enter it. Let them tell young men over whom they exert so much influence, that real manhood and true chivalry lies in striving and battling for the true, the good, and the beautiful, in vindicating the right and just, and in endeavoring in this little life of our's to do something for the benefit of humanity. Let them give us high and lofty ideals of moral courage and unflinching integrity. Let them picture to us in glowing words the heights which we may attain and the Alps we may surmount by pursuing the paths of temperance, honor, and morality. Doing this they will come nearest to the object for which they were created; doing this they will become celestial messengers of light and love; doing this each one will seem, "though not an angel, still a glorious being all dipped in angel instincts."

A. K. I.

OUR COLLEGE—LOSSES BY THE WAR.

Few, if any, of the present class of students are aware of the losses sustained by our College by the recent war between the States. Prior to 1861 the fierce battle for life and permanency, inherent to the average American College, had been fought and won by our Alma Mater. The Institution was fairly upon its feet. With good property, a system of improvements begun, and an invested endowment of $77,000, the prospects were very bright. Already the ambition of the Trustees, as at present, was to gather in the Metropolitan College the best Faculty in Virginia and the South. There was a library of good size and steadily increasing. New and valuabe apparatus had just been bought. Everything betokened success, when the exercises were suspended, the buildings became a hospital for Confederate soldiers and the campus a drill-ground. When the war ended the endowment had been swep away, the buildings had been seriously injured, the campus was like a barren yard, the library was a total loss, and everything valuable in the labratory was a wreck. Without money, without appliances, without a faculty, and with its constituency in poverty, it seemed almost a hopeless task to bring the College to life again. Students of to-day, our present college life and vigor, equipment and success, is a marvel! It is easy enough to see what is lacking, but it is difficult for you to realize the trials through which the old mother has passed. It is easy to criticise or make complaint because everything is not "in order," and because the College is not thoroughly furnished and beautified; but we should rather rejoice that the institution remains to us, is out of debt, and is sustaining the largest faculty of any Southern college. It is like a resurrection from death. At the close of the war, when peace had been declared and everything should have been safe from disturbance and pillage, occurred some of the most disastrous losses incident to the period of which I write. Though the buildings had been occupied as a Confederate hospital and subsequently had become the headquarters of a portion of the conquering army, it was left for negro troops to inflict the highest indignity and most wanton destruction upon everything sacred and valuable within their reach. By some misfortune the campus and buildings were given up for barracks to a negro regiment. A few years since I determined to secure testimony, in the form of affidavits, showing the injury done by these troops in time of peace, hoping Congress would reimburse us for our losses. The case was deemed hopeless and was abandoned for the time. The papers filed with me as the treasurer of the college, and carefully preserved, form a most interesting link in the chain of unwritten history, and prove

conclusively the unprovoked yet thoroughly culpable actions of these barbarians and unrestrained soldiers of the U. S. Army.

Permit an extract or two, bearing directly upon the losses sustained. Perhaps when read they will eloquently explain why our college, after so long a time has no library worthy the name, and a fair, but not elaborately furnished labratory. Rev. Dr. Ryland, the then President, testifies upon oath as follows: "This is to certify that I was president of Richmond College, Virginia, in April, 1865, residing upon the premises, and was an eye-witness of the occupancy of the main college building by a portion of the U. S. troops at the time of the surrender of the city of Richmond to the United States authorities, on or about the first of said month. The soldiers who seized and used the building for barracks were newly recruited colored troops. The building so occupied by force was and is the property of the corporation known and chartered as 'Richmond College.' * * * * In one of the rooms of this building, securely fastened, was the philosophical and chemical apparatus of the college, the accumulation by purchase of many years, and some of it very valuable. In another room, securely fastened, was the library of the college, consisting of thousands of valuable volumes, old and new, exclusively the property of the corporation. I further certify that the building was damaged in many ways, especially as to the walls, floors and windows, together with the doors, which were in many instances forced open. That the rooms containing the said appartus were forcibly entered and the property wantonly destroyed or removed, to wit: the apparatus was destroyed, some of the larger pieces, such as air-pumps, &c., which required the aid of a heavy instrument to injure them, being broken to pieces, and entirely destroyed. The books of the library, packed in boxes, were carried off by military orders, the wagons of the army being used for the purpose of removal, and when afterwards application was made for the return of the books only a very small portion was recovered," &c.

These facts should not be forgotten. While we remember them without bitterness, they yet furnish the reason for the existence of some serious privations under which we labor. For the second time we are toiling up the hills and that amid the thousand depressing influences of these years of loss and trial. Richmond College stands to-day the monument of self-sacrifice and patient toil. She is bearing the yoke in her youth. Let her trials and struggles enshrine her in the hearts of all our people. Let sympathy and liberality be kindled afresh, and the day is not far distant when she shall fully reap that which she has sown, and all her sons rejoice in her perfect equipment and her undying usefulness and renown.

CHARLES H. RYLAND.

Richmond, Jan. 1880.

ORIGIN OF JEALOUSY.

'Tis midnight. The half-grown moon has just glided beneath the western horizon, leaving the merry stars to twinkle alone in the deep-vaulted heavens. The hills and valleys of the far-distant east are wrapt in sombre darkness; gloomy awe pervades hushed nature.

The world is yet quite young. Yes, but a short period has elapsed since "blackest chaos has, by symmetry, been conquered;" since another rolling orb, as a fresh token of Infinite power and wisdom, has dropped from the creative hands of Omniscience into boundless space. So short, yet so full of momentous events. *Man has fallen*—

> "For sin hath broke the world's sweet peace; unstrung
> The harmonious chords to which the angels sung."

The echoes of that terrible sentence passed upon the primeval pair seems yet to linger around

> "The umbrage of the walls of Eden, checkered
> By the far-flashings of the cherubs' swords,"

and mingling with the dull, night winds, chant in mournful accent the sad, sad story of their fall. The waters of the gentle Euphrates, scarcely yet trained to their bed, murmur a pensive song to the modest lily upon their bank. Once those bright waters, as they flashed like liquid jewels at her feet, told her a joyful tale of the happy scenes they had witnessed in Eden's lovely borders, at which she would smile with gladness; but now, at their sad recitals, in pity gently bows her head and drops a dewy tear of sympathy for fallen man.

As the last lingering rays of the moon "kiss good-night" to the neighboring hills and mountains, and darkness casts its sable robe upon the earth, the placid waters of the Euphrates become more and more sluggish in their movements until, at last, they altogether stop. They stand thus for a time, as if paralyzed with fear, then shudder as from horror, when a thin, bluish vapor rises from their upheaving bosom. Soon this mist assumes a definite shape and becomes a giant monster of hideous aspect and frightful mien, whose cloven foot reveals him to be the chief of demons. Silently the awful form moves o'er the water to the river's bank, passing the lily, which bends still lower her downcast head, whilst her frail body trembles with affright.

Chief of demons pauses not here. With rapid, noiseless strides, onward he glides,

> "O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
> With head, hands, wings, or feet pursues his way."

He enters a lovely plain. This he traverses. At the father extremity he pauses. Before him is a rude tent. Sable-vested darkness and

solemn silence reign around. Noiselessly as death he enters. His evil eye pierces the thick gloom. Upon a couch wrapt in deep, sweet sleep, locked in each other's fond embrace, are two lovely boys. For a time he stands as if in contemplation of this touching picture. The burning rage of his demon heart boils furiously within him. Muttered imprecations flow from his foul lips, gleams of fitful light flash athwart his savage countenance.

Forth again into the darkness without he goes and resumes his journey. Mounting upward upon the "wings of the winds," he wheels his flight to the far-distant north. Onward he rushes, passing Mt. Ararat, the snow-crested peaks of the Caucasus, Siberia's fields of snow and ice, the frozen seas of the north, until, having left far behind the uttermost home of the *aurora borealis*, he arrives at a huge, beetling mountain of immeasurable height. At the foot of this mountain, thousands of miles beyond where man's daring and courage shall ever take him, the chief of demons stops his flight. Giving three stamps with his cloven foot, the solid rock opens and he enters a cavern unseen by mortal eyes. Down steep rocks, over yawning chasms, he takes his way, till the subterranean chamber widens into indefinite space. A pale, blue light burns dimly in the distance; a sickening, sulphurous odor pervades the air; but no sound is heard save the gurgle of running water as it falls from some unknown height and trickles over the cold, slippery stones.

This is the fit rendezvous of the chief of demons and his emissaries. He came to meet them in solemn conclave. In thundering tones he exclaims: "Servant's of mine! hear ye not your master's voice?"

Instantly the rocks resound with a faint rustling, as of winds murmuring through the trees. Around him stand those that he had bidden. Thus speaks the chief of demons: "This night have I witnessed a sight worthy to beget within *us* the greatest indignation. I have seen the young offsprings of man, over whom we have so recently triumphed and driven accursed from Eden. And what I have seen proves that affection, love, and happiness have not been banished from the earth, as was our fondest wish. I saw them hovering, like guardian spirits, o'er the couch of Adam's sleeping sons. They still administer their kindly offices in Adam's household. Notwithstanding sorrow, pain, misery, and death now prey upon fallen man, yet it is possible for him, while eking out the short period of his mortality, to live in peace and enjoyment. Moreover, the Prince of Heaven has promised him an atonement, by which the greater part of his posterity may yet escape. But while living they are susceptible to our efforts. Our past victory has but opened up to us the road to surer conquests. It only remains for us to follow up that achievement, so that, if possible, the

whole of Adam's race shall be lost, eternally lost. Who among you, my worthy servants, can enter the breast of man and best bend him to our fell purpose?"

The chief of demons pauses; his servants are silent.

"I see none," continues he, glancing around upon the hideous crew before him, "that can well accomplish this purpose. Ye are all faithful servants. Ye all have done me much service; all can do much more, but none I see are adequate to this important task."

All again is silence in the cavern. But scarcely has the chief of demons finished when one, if possible more hideous than his compeers, whose large, rolling eyes constantly flashed forth a sickly, greenish light, advances to the feet of his master. "Here am I, master," says he. "What wilt thou that I shouldst do?"

At sight of him a gleam of demoniac joy lights up the horrible visage of the chief of demons, as he exclaims: "Thou art he whom I have been seeking; thou alone canst best subserve my design. Go take up thy abode in man. Thou must have no shape, but must absorb the heart. Thou knowest how to obtain his complete mastery; crush his hopes, banish from him peace and contentment, fill his days with sorrow, his nights with anguish, and hurl him damned into yawning Hades. Drunkenness, who shall steal away his reason; Murder, who shall bathe the world with innocent blood, I appoint thy attendants; loathsome despair, grim Suicide, and wan Melancholly shall follow in thy footsteps; Deceit, with her bland smiles and slippery tongue, shall be thy handmaid. Go, and when thou hast gained thy first victory meet me here. Begone!"

* * * * * * * * *

'Tis mid-day. The bright sun floods the world with a golden sea of glory. The hills and valley near the site of Eden, the former happy home of primeval man, are bathed in luscious light—soft, tender, and exquisite as a dream. So lovely, so peaceful! Scarcely can it be comprehended that death has, by "blackest Cerebus," been turned loose upon a fallen race; that all the foul "demons from Pluto's damned home" stalk unseen through the balmy air, poisoning it at every point with their baneful presence.

But see! A man bearing "the firstlings of his flock and the fat thereof." A man of godly bearing and heavenly countenance coming to offer a sacrifice, whereby to appease his righteous God. Upon a rude altar of rough stones he kindles a fire and places thereon his offering. The blue smoke curls towards the heavens; before the altar, in earnest supplication, kneels the solitary worshipper. *His offering is respected.*

But while thus engaged, from out a neighboring clump of thorns,

that stands as a token of the curse pronounced, even upon the earth itself, an evil eye glares upon him. It is his brother's form, within whose heart rages a furious demon. With what anxiety he awaits the result of the sacrifice. Only a few hours since he, too, had offered a sacrifice to the same God, an "offering of the first fruits of the ground." But his offering had not been respected. At the sight of the acceptance of his brother's gift, the demon flame in the heart of the concealed one begins to burn—fierce, scorching, seething into his very soul. Overcome by Jealousy, Revenge leads him from his concealment. Deceit covers his face with her specious smile. Forth he goes to meet his worshipping brother. Into the fields, beguiling him with honeyed words, he leads his victim, and in an unsuspecting moment rushes upon and fells him to the earth. It is done; the horrible deed is accomplished. Nature smiles as lovely as ever; the new made earth drinks in the life blood of the murdered innocent, Abel. The demon, Jealousy, retires from the field of his first victory, leaving the heart of the fratricide to be racked by the torturing hands of guilt and remorse.

* * * * * * * * *

'Tis again midnight, and the demons are assembled in their rendezvous. The chief of demons sits upon his ebon throne; around him stand his "hellish crew." Before him bows the green-eyed monster. At his master's feet he lays a trophy. 'Tis the life-blood of Abel. Thus speaks the chief of Demons, and says: "Well done, thou faithful servant; this day hast thou achieved a glorious victory. From afar I witnessed thy triumph. But thy work is not yet done. Before the morning dawn thou must again be at work. Thou understandest well thy avocation—

> "'Turn love divine
> To joyless dread, and make the loving heart,
> With hateful thoughts, to languish and to pine,
> And feed itself with self-consuming smart.'

"Poison the soul that confides; let thy shadows fall upon the sweetest homes; scatter the brightest human prospects; replace benevolence with selfishness, joy with sorrow, love with hatred; make the world, if possible, a revolving hell. Go! A faithful servant hast thou been, but I cannot reward thee yet. In Hades there is no place worthy of thee. Remain, then, upon the earth; ply well thy mission, and when the day for rewards comes, great indeed will be thine."

DAVUS.

THE LITERARY CHARACTER OF DRYDEN.

The literary critics have assigned to Dryden the first place in the "second rank of poets," and though not considered a writer of the first order, yet he exercised a more powerful influence on the national habits of thought and expression than those who were his superiors. His life was commensurate with the period during which a great revolution in the public taste was effected; "by taking the lead he obtained the guidance of this change," and by showing himself to be one who was not afraid to take the command against the old type of writers, he raised himself "to the dignity of a prince;" and the example he set was as a beacon light, near which many endeavored to keep. He commenced his career by the most violent departures from established usage; he terminated it in the repose of that exalted position assigned him by the public—"the author of a new code and the founder of a new dynasty."

Though so much was effected by Dryden, it must not all be ascribed to his superior genius, his intellectual endowments, nor his indefatigable energy, but to a very great extent to the period at which he lived; because just at that time literature had reached such a state that, though Dryden had not been born, the change must evidently have been brought about by some one within a few years. It is natural to suppose that one so competent to criticise, and with such a knowledge of versification as he proved himself to have in this "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," would be equally skillful in its construction. Such is the case to a great extent, but the verse generally shows that it is a combination of words arranged according to stiff and rigid rules of rhetoric, and not the product of a wide-searching fancy, nor a vivid imagination. This defect we see manifest in Dryden; for when he concluded that rhymed dramas would become popular, he exercised his dramatic talents in that manner, and as soon as the lack of public appreciation suggested to him that it was not good policy to attempt such a revolution in the English dramas, he very meekly shook off the shackles of prejudice in this respect and returned to the far finer and more rational system of blank verse, which had been immortalized by the dramatists of the "Elizabethan era." While dramatic writings were most profitable, he made an engagement with the King's Company of Players to furnish them a stipulated number of plays; he kept this engagement several years, which proved his wonderful fertility and readiness, as well as his extraordinary industry.

A distinguished critic says that "Dryden's rhyming plays are admirable subjects for those who wish to study the morbid anatomy of the drama." He was utterly destitute of the ability to portray real hu-

man beings; his characters somewhat resemble those of the earliest dramatists, who placed each one in the plot as though it were necessary that a certain quality should be brought before the minds of the reader, and made one character say and do such things as to show it would be a perfect embodiment of the desired quality; and not like Shakespeare, whose characters not only represented the desired passion to an unusual degree, but an ordinary person in other respects. As Dryden was unable to render his plays interesting and popular by means of that which is the peculiar and appropriate excellence of the drama, it was necessary that he should have recourse to some substitutes. In his comedies he supplied deficiencies, sometimes by wit, but more frequently by intrigue, disguises, mistakes of persons, dialogues, or by surprising disclosures, or perplexing concealments, and in this manner he succeeded in making his pieces at least very amusing. In his tragedies he trusted to his diction and versification. It was on this account that he so eagerly adopted and so reluctantly abandoned the practice of rhyming his plays, because what is unnatural appears less so in that species of verse than in lines which approach nearer to common conversation, and in the management of the heroic couplet "Dryden has never been equalled." During the whole of his life he was engaged in literary and political squabbles, sometimes with envious rivals, whom the public and patrons preferred to him, and sometimes with more powerful and dangerous adversaries, especially with the politicians. If Dryden had died before writing his satires, translations, didactic poems, fables, and odes, he would have left a reputation little higher than Lee or Davenant, and would have been known only to men of letters, and by them he would have been mentioned as a writer who threw away on subjects which he was apparently incompetent to treat powers which, if judiciously employed, might have raised him to eminence; whose diction and whose numbers had sometimes very great merit, but were blemished by a false taste and errors of gross negligence.

During the latter part of his life he gradually abandoned the drama, his plays appeared at longer intervals, he renounced rhyme in tragedy, his language became less morbid, and his characters less exaggerated. He did not even then produce correct representations of human nature, but he ceased to "daub such monstrous chimeras" as those which abound in his earlier pieces. Some years before his death he ceased writing for the stage. He turned his powers in a new direction and was rewarded with great success. The first rank of poetry was beyond his reach, but he strove for and was successful in procuring the most honorable place in the second. Dryden's imagination resembled the wings of an ostrich—"it enabled him to run, but not to soar." When he attempted the highest flights he became ridiculous, but while

he remained in the lower regions he outstripped all competitors. The most exacting critic cannot deny that on the whole Dryden should be pronounced to have been a man possessed with splendid talents, which he often abused, and of a sound judgment, the admonitions of which he often neglected; a man who succeeded only in an inferior department of his art, but in that department preëminently, and who, with a more independent spirit, a more anxious desire for excellence, and more respect for himself, could have attained to absolute perfection.

WILHELM.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF OUR REPUBLIC.

"Time's noblest offspring is the last."

When July 4, 1776, the old bell in Philadelphia pealed forth to announce the passage of the Declaration of Independence, it also heralded the birth of the Republic which three years ago completed its first century. Little could those patriots sitting in that old hall have imagined that one hundred years would witness the rise of a powerful nation, a nation whose citizens are found wherever there is civilization, and whose flag floats in every harbor of the world. Notwithstanding the short time required by the United States to gain this eminence, their growth has been a sound and healthy one, and they now stand on as firm a basis as any country of Europe.

They were not settled by mere adventurers and persons expelled from the society of the Old World. Europe needed a vent for her teeming population which America furnished, and the emigrants were mainly people of character. In addition to this the troubles of the French Revolution drove many men of means and culture across the waters of the Atlantic to this country. The new-born nation endured a baptism of blood during the Revolution, which purged it of all that was worthless. It was then that the energy and talents of her people shone forth, and in every emergency since that time she has found men equal to the occasion.

Although the institutions of the United States cannot boast the hoary antiquity of those of other nations, they have been proved by adversity, and by what is often a greater test of merit, prosperity. Some of our ideas of government may seem crude, but it is not to be expected that the new fabric should have all the softness imparted by age. The United States has demonstrated the fact that a free people can govern themselves; that a republic can be as prosperous as a monarchy; and that education, art, and religion can flourish without the protection of a crown.

Our people have been singularly successful in every pursuit to which they have turned their attention. The products of our agriculture and manufactures are exported to every nation, while olden countries now take lessons from us in the very arts which they long monopolized. Every branch of industry has been improved by American talent. It would require a large volume to even name the multitude of useful inventions which the century just passed produced. To an American is accorded the honor of introducing the electric telegraph. Although an Englishman invented the locomotive, the first steam railway was used in the United States. The waters of the Hudson were the first to be divided by a steamboat's prow. It was an American who invented the sewing-machine, and women need no longer sit with wornout fingers singing the "Song of the Shirt." Thus in agriculture, in commerce, in manufactures, in science, in art: everywhere we see the machinery of the American doing the work of man. Although constantly in pursuit of wealth, the people of the United States have not neglected higher interests. The land is filled with schools, and there are facilities for the education of every child in the country.

The United States gave to the world the common school; not common because inferior, but common as the light of Heaven or the pure waters of Earth. Besides these, all over the land are noble universities and colleges, which though not founded by kings, give educations which kings might be proud to possess.

The professions of law and medicine have been greatly improved by Americans. Nor do we lack the names of those who have made nature their study, and the fame of *Audubon* is world-wide.

We have men noted for their researches in chemistry and philosophy; men who have done much good by the application of these sciences.

Although so young a nation, the United States have produced many literary men. The names of Hawthorne, Irving, and Prescott are known wherever the English tongue is spoken.

Although we cannot boast a Shakespeare or a Milton, the songs of Longfellow, Poe, Whittier and Mrs. Hemans have gladdened many hearts. One hundred years ago there was scarcely a magazine or newspaper in the land. Now there are thousands, some even circulating in England. Our engravers and our publishers have a world-wide reputation. In the Senate we have had men who have been rarely equalled, and never excelled. I may name Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Webster and Marshall. While our divines have been eminent for piety and eloquence, our first century produced evangelists who have turned thousands from sin and misery to peace and happiness. The sneers of Europe at the United States have been caused by ignorance or jealousy. Other nations ask: "What have they done for the world?" What

have they done? They have shown the world a free people governing themselves without confusion.

They have given to the world examples of patriotism, public virtues, political wisdom, and valor never exerted save for a good end.

They have peopled a wilderness of three and a half millions of square miles, and spread a network of railways through all this vast territory. They have shown other nations a people ready to take up arms against their own brothers in defence of what they believed to be right.

FAX.

THE CO-EDUCATION OF THE SEXES.

This is a subject which is engaging the attention of the most eminent educators of the present day. None perhaps is of much more importance, not from the fact, simply of the feasibility of any such system, but that the moral welfare of her whom we consider "a little lower than the angels" is at stake, and we are called upon to cut to the core and lay open with our Excalcibur, this frightful, festering sore.

Education has its various methods, and each one who thinks to improve upon any of these, throws himself with zest *in medias res*, and gathers around him his little coterie of supporters. Thus the system is divided into these several methods each one at war with the other. The subject which we treat, however, draws a plain line of demarcation, and on the one side or the other are to be found those who oppose or advocate the plan—co-educators or non-co educators.

The only argument advanced in its behalf, and one that is urged with a dash and boldness worthy of a better cause, is that there should be a *higher education of woman.* This involves the following questions: "Is the mental capacity of the sexes equal?" and "should woman be equally educated with men?"

Every one knows that there are some women, prodigies, exceptions to the general rule, whose minds are capable of submitting to the most thorough training; of mastering most any subject, no matter what it be; but we at once recognize in such a personage the masculine female. Such a specialty we do not mean to argue, but to consider woman as the average of her sex.

It is a well known and noticeable fact, that in anything in which a long line of reasoning is to be followed, the mind of man is infinitely superior to that of woman. Teachers have given it as their universal opinion that the longer demonstrations of mathematics are too intricate for the woman's mind; indeed, in the curriculum of female institutions there is much difficulty in establishing a thorough course in trigonometry, to

say nothing of analytic geometry and calculus. A very learned professor once said that he had used his utmost efforts in interesting a class of young ladies in the last two subjects, but in future would save himself the unnecessary waste of nerve-energy, as he had found it a hopeless task.

In the first place, we might ask, is there any need that woman be endowed with a mind equal to the proper handling of subjects that wrinkle the brow and perplex the mind of the sterner sex? We answer in the *negative*. It is the highest duty of woman to cultivate the graces, gentleness, purity of character, and transmit these through her pious training to her children. We need for the improvement and higher civilization of our race not more highly educated mothers, but, as has been said, more "pious mothers." Even were a woman's mind educated to the highest degree attained by the mind of man, there would be no need of it in after life. Her time is employed with relations entirely foreign to abstruse subjects; her destiny is to inculcate into the youth principles which act as the crown to all culture, which lay the foundation for future greatness, and which will shine forth as brilliant gems in the character, let the mind be carried to never so high a point of cultivation.

Then again, the physical constitution of woman is different from that of man, and since her organization is the more fragile, the more delicately constructed, we may deduce the principle that the mental capacities of the sexes are not equal, for nature must be and is consistent. Thus a man's and a woman's sphere in life are different. The sterner duties fall upon the man, and he should be armed and equipped in the best manner possible for sustaining the burden imposed. No matter what his business be, a trained mind will but make him better fitted for his life work, and for becoming a master in his own special vocation. He it is who should search the unfathomable depths, calculate the inviolable laws by which the stars harmoniously move along their appointed course, evolve from facts that present themselves the simple rules of nature, and from these rise to higher, grander conceptions of the Universe in which we live. A Newton may arrive at principles that underlie all science, a Bacon may through his "Novum Organum," and "De Augmentis," have an influence on men who have revolutionized the world; a Macaulay may write essays that treat in a masterly manner the great poets and prose writers; a Napoleon may overcome armies; yea, a Demosthenes or a Pericles may sway vast assemblies with their persuasive eloquence, but there is a more protent power than all this, for only a Veturia could move a Coriolanus; a Cleopatra an Antony; only a Madame De Sévigné could write letters so entertaining; only a Joan d'Arc could have led the French in that trying hour; in short, only

a woman can move by her magic influence where reasoning and the polished diction of the orator have alike been used with earnest, fruitless effort. Woman may be said to have an *intuitive* knowledge of some relations which man reasons out through a long process.

Since, then, the sphere of woman's activity, her physical constitution, her disposition and her qualities are so different from that of man, it may not, we think, be an *illogical* inference to say that the minds of the two are different, even if facts did not bear out the assertion; and this difference is fully explained by the principle stated above—that the mental capacities of the sexes are not equal.

Now the second question: Should woman be equally educated with man? is answered in almost the same manner. Woman was intended from the creation to be man's helpmeet, not to be his equal or parallel. She should have the nicer sensibilities, the finer feelings, the more graceful charms in order to be a helpmeet, the complement of man's sterner nature. Then, again, even were it possible, would any one like to see his home adorned with some intellectual Amazon who can glibly translate Thucydides, differentiate with facility the equation of the cycloid, or discuss grave constitutional questions? The response comes, as it were, from a united phalanx, *No.* They would have their homes beautified with paintings, and themselves delighted with music; they would have in their homes those who best know their domestic and parental relations, those who can relieve them from the cares and anxieties of every day life, and make their dwelling place their *home.*

The writer does not wish to be understood as deprecating a *high* system of education for woman, for she should be by all means cultivated, and accomplished; she should be trained in that which will most conduce to her own happiness, and which will shape her life to its destined end.

Now since there is no such need of this *higher* education of woman, there is no longer a plea for *co-education,* especially since its advocates use the argument of *higher education* as the basis of such an obnoxious system.

But granting the need of higher training, is it at all prudent or wise to advocate *co-education?* Our southern mind revolts at the idea. It is injurious to morals; it overleaps the limit of that respect and honor in which we should hold this pearl of purity, and it wipes, as a sponge, from the slate of virtues that noblest of all—modesty. The system is adopted not in first-class institutions of learning, but in those which are of inferior grades, and those that are on the decline, having long since seen their palmiest days.

The whole question is the outcome of the public school system, and that other topic with which the country is surfeited—woman's suf-

firage. All three subjects are but a motley trio. The national assembly has seen fit to ignore entirely the last; southern public opinion is not at all pleased with the second, and co-education does but fill noble southern minds with disgust; for the daughters of the sunny land are paragons of excellence, and it is but doing a knightly duty to ward off from them anything that would sully their fair names, or lower their position in the scale of pure womanhood. We would have them worthy daughters of the noble matrons who have gone before them; we would have them as an ensample of all that is modest, all that is gentle, all that is charming, all that gives us in its entirety the character of the true woman.

The following, from a very facile and accurate pen, should convince the most obstinate, that what has been stated above is true, and that the idea of *co-education* should be given over to oblivion as the motley progeny of the western brain: "Man is strong, woman is beautiful; man is daring and confident, woman is diffident and unassuming; man is great in action, woman in suffering; man shines *abroad*, woman at *home*; man talks to *convince*, woman to *persuade* and *please;* man has a rugged heart, woman a soft and tender one; man prevents misery, woman relieves it; man has *science*, woman *taste;* man has *judgment*, woman *sensibility;* man is a being of justice, woman of mercy." Here we will dismiss the subject, with the thought that to expect a happy result from co-education is to await the time when the hardy fir of the northern regions, and the tender orange tree of the southern climate, being transplanted, shall flourish in the same soil.

"TATTLER."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The College powers have preserved a noble and dignified silence on the subject of a gymnasium.

We would impress the fact that the *Messenger* is the organ of the students of Richmond College. They seem never to have recognized it, if we may judge from the cool and critical way in which they view all matters pertaining to its wellfare. Nothing but some great and exciting philological question meets with a response. We wish that they would favor us with more contributions. If any one has anything to complain of in the workings of either of the two societies, or wishes to compliment the faculty, these complaints and compliments—unless the complaints are seditious and the compliments libellous—will be gladly inserted in the columns of the *Messenger*, because it is the organ of the students.

BAPTIST COLLEGE.—Almost every mail brings letters and papers addressed to "Baptist College, Richmond Va." Among Richmond's fair daughters, not a few call our institution the "Baptist College;" of this name we are not ashamed, but it is certainly a misnomer, and for this reason, if for no other, we most politely ask our friends to designate the College by its name. If these friends suppose that our new and, as yet, incomplete *building* has been immersed they are mis-, taken. We cannot say, however, that it was not sprinkled in infancy. If they suppose that the learned faculty of this College are all members of Baptist Churches, they are still in error. If they suppose that what the great Baptist leader calls "Distinctive Principals" of his Church, are taught here as any part of the course, or that the students here are called of the Baptist persuasion, or that the students are requested or solicited to attend Baptist Churches, they are still mistaken. Freedom of conscience is allowed and indulged, at Richmond College. If any persist in calling our noble institution a "Baptist College," we beg them to spell that name right.

HALL OF BETA THETA PI,
RICHMOND COLLEGE, FEB. 9TH 1880.

WHEREAS, it has been the will of the Supreme Being to take from earth our beloved brother, JNO. O. WHITE, just as he was entering upon manhood; therefore be it

RESOLVED, by Alpha Kappa Chapter of Beta Theta Pi Fraternity:

1st—That in his death we lose one most useful as a member of our Order, kind as a companion, true as a friend.

2d—That while we mourn his early decease and shall never cease to miss him, yet we derive consolation from the hope and belief that he is now a member of that Great and Everlasting Fraternity upon which death and sorrow have no claim.

3d—That we express our most heartfelt sympathy for the grief-stricken parents and relatives in their sorrow at the deathof one so near and dear to them.

4th—That in honor of his memory, we wear a badge of mourning for thirty days.

5th—That a copy of these resolutions be presented to his parents, a copy be sent to the *Beta Theta Pi* and the Richmond College *Messenger* for publication.

A. MAY,
J. L. LAKE,
S. A. FISHBURN. } COMMITTEE.

LOCALS.

We defy any four voices, no matter where they hail from, to beat our choir in the rendition of those lovely airs in Pinafore. It is composed of Jno. W., Bob. P., Jim. L., and Garnett Sutton, Why not go serenading boys? You know the ladies always keep a reserve of cake and wine for such occasions.

Richmond College boys are ardent lovers of the lofty, as is shown by the seats they take when visiting the Theater. Upon such occasions they could hardly deny the charge of high-headedness.

Mr. V. M. Montgomery was called from college on the first of this month, by the death of a brother, and the severe illness of other members of his family. He has our deepest sympathy.

We regret to state that Professor Massie has been most painfully ill during a part of the present month. If the sympathy of the students possessed any curative powers, their esteemed Prof. would have been well long 'ere this.

Come on ye "Rats!" Why linger when you know your hand (?) shall be so cordi(a)lly shaken.

Prof. M. Who was Jupiter?

Mr. D. (Whose fancy always "turns on thoughts of love," be it spring or not). She was the Goddess of Love. (Loud smiling on part of whole class, minus Mr. D.)

Flies and springtime will soon be with us again.

Some of the denizens of the cottages complain that their coal and kindling have a way of taking wings and flying, which is mysterious in the extreme; time will uncover the mystery, but, alas! perhaps too late to save your coal.

Mrs. Eans, who kept the college boarding house during several years past, has moved into the city. Her many friends at the college regret her departure.

The present session has, so far, been a dry one, in point of sport. Some lean forlorn looking croquet players, are seen occasionally knocking their ballr in front of the "Horizontal," and semi-occasionally, (perhaps not so often) are the lovers of "pasteboard," heard indulging in a social "sling." With these exceptions, games are enjoying a full rest.

The dearth of local news is fearful to contemplate; it hardly finds a parallel in the emptiness of the average Richmond College pocket-book.

Why in the mischief does summer keep on lingering in the lap of winter when we are nearly dying to go skating?

The boys are disposed to be rather soft in their complaints against the trustees this year, knowing the general emptiness of the treasuries, but there is one thing, the lack of which is leading to very unhealthy results, and it needs immediate attention. Indeed, we might say that all the sickness in college during this term, all those severe colds and coughs are due to the want of this one thing. We need an observatory; not one from which to view the heavenly bodies, but from which to gaze upon those fairest of mundane objects—collectively known as "calico" —as they flirt along Franklin street past the campus. As the thing now stands, we pent-up mortals are debarred the comfortable enjoyment of the only liberal privilege that is granted us. The view would be too distant from our rooms, and besides, all those do not front on Franklin street; we cannot, in the good old country fashion, sit on the fence, for unfortunately it was not particularly constructed for such use. Thus we are forced to sit flat down on the moist ground, and look as best we can through the palings. No sane man can deny that this is unhealthy, and we deem further argument unnecessary, to prove that better accommodations are sadly needed. If there are any who are yet unconvinced, let them put on their thin white pants, go out there and sit on the damp turf for about two hours. The trustees will please let us suggest the southwest corner of the campus as a suitable place for the above mentioned structure. Give us the "calico" observatory.

Prof. of Physics. The longer ears a man has the less his brains.

Student. (Whose ears are not noted for any larger degree of smallness). But, Professor are there not exceptions to all rules?

"Auntie" says, that fellow has little experience who believes all whirlpools are confined to water. "Auntie" has been visiting the ladies.

Prof. State some of the branches into which Science is divided.

Student. (With a knowing mien) Chronology, Biology, Zoalogy, Theolgy and Tautology.

"Jeff.," says he don't know what course others may take, but as for him, give him liberty or give him ginger ale, don't make much difference which.

Prof. Winston's Lectures on Astronomy, for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A., are drawing immense crowds and heaping more honors on our already honored instructor.

"Jim." L., took upon himself, the other day, the task of stopping the movements of a stone, by the intervention of his nose. About

three square inches of coat-plaster now adorns that organ. We are glad to report that it is on the road to recovery.

The friends of Manly Curry, who is at the University, will be sorry to hear that a very bad accident befell him recently. While exercising on the bar, he fell, receiving several severe injuries about the face.

A. J. Raimy was elected Final Orator of the Philologian Society.

A PLEASANT LETTER.

Editors Richmond College Messenger:

Dear Gentlemen,—Through the kindness of a student of the college, whose name is unknown to me, I am in receipt of the January number of the *College Messenger*, which is certainly a very beautiful journal, and reflects great credit upon its managers. As an old "Mu Sigma Rhonian," I will ever rejoice with the college in its prosperity, and feel proud of its literary societies. I was a student in 1867-'68, I believe, and many are the pleasant recollections awakened in my mind by the perusal of your journal. Allow me to wish you good speed in your laudable undertaking. I send you a copy of the *Southern Clinic*, and would be glad to exchange with you.

Very truly,

C. A. BRYCE.

EXCHANGES.

The *Tripod* contains an interesting article on "Kearney and the Sand-Lotters." The writer shows considerable reportorial skill, and gives a spirited, and judging from what we have heard of the man, an accurate description of "Denis." While there are several things that we do not admire in its make-up, yet it is a creditable journal.

The *Roanoke Collegian* seems happy in the possession of a contributor in the person of an Alumnus, who has a rare faculty for grinding out nonsense, and who seems to forget that none but great men are allowed to write trashy experiences. This and the "Eleventh Annual Celebration of the Demosthenean Literary Society(!)" are its most prominent features.

The Mississippi *University Magazine* is neat and orderly arranged. Its matter is good, with the exception of a paper on "Decision," in which the writer very kindly takes the reader on his knee and delivers to him a homily, abounding in fagged-out sophmorisms. It requires

rare talent to make such old subjects presentable. The public, and above all collegians, are tired of worn-out eloquence.

The Pennsylvania *College Monthly* contains a gallant and sensible paper on the co-education of the sexes. It is written with a charming enthusiasm.

The *Earlhamite*, with the exception of a poem, titled "A Song of Peace," comes up to its usual standard.

The *College Message* is very severe upon the *Philomathean*, and all because poor "busybody aimed to enlighten Bishop Toebbe's subjects." Who are "Bishop Toebbe's subjects?" Subject is a singular word, used to express the relation of one freeman to another in a Republic. The Catholic Church is a large and influential society, yet this is no reason why the *College Message* or the *Philomathean* should enter into a theological discussion.

We welcome to our list another exchange—the *Southern Clinic*, edited by C. A. Bryce, M. D. While we are not able to appreciate its merits, yet from its popularity with the medical fraternity we judge that it is a valuable publication.

The *University Magazine* is filled with articles of literary worth. We feel a great interest in the University, the educational centre of the South, and a corresponding interest in the *University Magazine*. In its present issue a paper on Byron has already been pronounced, by thoughtful critics to be of considerable merit. "In Memoriam," is written with feeling and beauty. It shows characteristics of true poetry.

We acknowledge receipt of many other exchanges, which space forbids us to mention.

PERSONALS.

B. W. N. Simms, '75-'76, is preaching in Missouri.

W. R. Savage, '76-'77, is in the drug business in the city. How about that "Q. Z.," Bill?

R. T. Hanks, '75-'76, is the popular pastor of the Baptist Church in Dalton, Georgia.

M. B. Curry, '78-'79, one of the best editors this paper ever had, is taking law at the University of Virginia. We were sorry to hear of a severe fall he had a few days ago while practicing in the gymnasium.

L. E. Bently, '76-'77, is farming in King and Queen. He is very fond of the girls still, and takes "calico" by the wholesale. He wrote us, not long since, that he was coming to Richmand to live.

John W. Snyder, '78-'79, is living in the city. He had an able article in the last number of the *South Atlantic Monthly*.

The students of '77–'78, '78–'79 will be shocked to hear of the death of their former fellow-student, JOHN O. WHITE, who left college at the close of last session in perfect health, and with not a symptom of the deadly disease which so quickly snatched him away. He departed this life on the 8th instant, at his home, near Charlottesville, after several months of continuous suffering, from an affection of the spine. We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereavsd parents.

We regret to state that Mr. L. C. Catlett intends leaving college soon. He is a popular and energetic young man, and deserves rich success in life.

J. W. Hughes, '76-'77, Steele medalist, and good fellow generally, is living in Loudoun. He has just taken out his license to practice law. We predict for him a bright career in his chosen profession.

Sam'l D. Jones, '78-'79, is teaching in Campbell County, Va. How about the Queen's English, "Samivel?"

J. A. Leslie, '76-'77, was in the city a week or so ago. He is doing a good work as pastor of several churches in Chesterfield.

Thos. M. Anderson, '77-'78, is Associate Principal of Green Springs Academy, Louisa. Drop us a line sometimes, Peter.

Frank E. Anderson, '78-'79, is practicing law in the city and editing "Every Saturday."

J. W. Fleet, '78-'79, is reading law in King and Queen. He will attend either this institution or the University of Virginia, next session.

Geo. D. Dey, '78-'79, is in business in Norfolk.

Moses D. Hoge, Jr., '78-'79, is attending Hampden Sidney College.

CLIPPINGS.

Mark Twain tells a new joke on Artemus Ward, never before in print. Ward said to Twain one day, "I have done too much fooling, too much trifling. I am going to write something that will live." Clemens asked him what it would be, and Artemus answered promptly, "A Lie."

Professor: "Mr. M., can you give an explanation of the aurora borealis?"

Mr. M. (Slightly embarrassed and after a pause): "Well, yes—aw—Professor, I did know it perfectly, but it has just now slipped my memory."

Professor (excitedly): "Great heavens! Mr. M., what a loss. Do endeavor to recall it. The only man that ever could explain this phenomenon, and now he has forgotten it!" (Intense excitement.)